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Now, if an army of foreigners, bent on the  
subjugation of the people, had entered Paris, no  
one would have wondered at the conduct of the  
citizens, if they had risen up against the invad-  
ers. No one felt surprised that the Parisians  
in February last, rose in their might and over-  
threw the government of Louis Philippe, be-  
cause it had failed to protect them, and had become  
tyrannical and insupportably oppressive. In  
these facts men generally recognize a legitimate  
source of popular indignation, and are prone to  
justify such outbreaks when aimed at the de-  
struction of systems that have become intoler-  
able. So also, if the rights of conscience had  
been invaded and trampled on by an unscrup-  
ulous engine of despotism, and had the sufferers  
then risen and in fierce conflict destroyed the  
battered oppression and its supporters, no one  
would have expressed amazement, because in such  
a case there is a holy object to be secured. But  
in the late outbreak in Paris there was no de-  
spotic, civil or ecclesiastical, of which the peo-  
ple were weary, to be put down. The govern-  
ment sympathized thoroughly with the people,  
and its benign ministrations were intended  
for the benefit of that particular class, who  
sought to overthrow it. If the condemned French  
of Pandermonium had been suffered to visit earth  
for the purpose of promoting atrocities gladden-  
ing to their hearts, we should have expected pre-  
cisely such a revolt and such scenes as have  
clothed the city of Paris in mourning. But be-  
fore the horrors of this revolt took place, no one  
would have so far surpassed on the stupidity and  
wickedness of the human heart as to have pro-  
nounced such scenes possible. This insurrec-  
tion is one of those monstrous occurrences which  
are well calculated to confound the speculations  
of philosophers and philanthropists who dream  
of an early millennium. The cold-blooded fer-  
ocity of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, centu-  
ries ago, the ruthlessness with which they spread  
with fire and sword, have and ruin in every di-  
rection, was scarcely more devilish than that ex-  
hibited by the Parisian insurgents. The bar-  
barities of these Asiatic conquerors sprung from  
insatiable lust of conquest which has in all ages  
signaled itself by the perpetration of the most  
startling crimes, and are therefore capable of ex-  
planation. The awful iniquity of the Parisian  
populace, who, for four days rioted in the blood  
of thousands of their friends and neighbors is  
without parallel on the pages of history, for never  
before was such uncalculating slaughter so  
long persevered in unless there was some very  
special or substantial good in view to nerve the  
heart to deeds of daring. The four thousand  
murders of the guillotine during the Reign of  
Terror, have lost their pre-eminence in guilt now  
that this recent carnage of ten, fifteen, or twenty  
thousand Parisians has amazed the world.

In all large cities there are masses of idle,  
ignorant and dissolute people who crave excite-  
ment, and are willing to embrace any cause, how-  
ever desperate, in order to throw off for awhile  
the lethargy which oppresses them. However  
slight the hope of gain may be, such creatures  
will embark in crazy crusades against the estab-  
lished order of things. Every-day life is too  
tame for such hot and restless beings. They  
listen with avidity to the vile cant of dema-  
gogues, and enlist heartily in any enterprise  
which will gratify their diseased appetites by the  
promise of change. To elevate such persons  
above their miserable condition, to lift them  
above the night that surrounds them to a purer  
and brighter atmosphere, where new hopes may  
dawn upon them, is an object towards which the  
loftiest and most extended philanthropy may  
well be directed. The light of knowledge ought  
to be sent into the dark abodes of ignorance, and  
the cheering promise of religion should be proffered  
to such as look only to the gratification of  
sensual appetites for happiness. The young  
should be rescued from the haunts of iniquity  
and enlightened with respect to duty, and right,  
and truth; before their souls become incumbered  
with vice and crime. In our own happy coun-  
try this is practicable; and yet, even here, thou-  
sands and tens of thousands are suffered to grow  
up in ignorance and destitution, the certain for-  
erunners of crime. That our country may not  
be disgraced by scenes which shall appal the  
stoutest heart, the young should be rescued  
from all loathsome places, and brought within  
reach of influences which will establish in them  
hope and desire of a life consecrated to well-  
doing.

Since the failure of this well-planned and  
most wonderfully sustained insurrection in Paris,  
the Government will probably be better able  
to maintain itself, for it is scarcely to be expected  
that deeper or more comprehensive hostility  
against it can possibly be organized. Having  
proved its ability to suppress the best concerted  
schemes of its enemies, it will not be likely  
hereafter to encounter any very formidable op-  
position. The malcontents, too, will learn from  
the sad experience of last month, enough of the  
power of the Government to assure them that  
inevitable destruction awaits all armed hostility  
that may be arrayed against it. Such, we hope,  
may be the case, but we must confess that the  
late scenes have shaken our faith and the trust-  
ing hopefulness with which we have contemplated  
the efforts of the French philanthropists and  
political philosophers to establish extensive reforms  
under which France may be both free and happy.

By no means, however, would we despair of  
any true system of reform anywhere. Believ-  
ing, as we do, in the great doctrine of progress,  
we feel the buoyancy of hope, even while we  
deeply sorrow over events calculated to lessen  
our enthusiasm. We earnestly hope that France  
may be saved the disgrace of further bloodshed,  
and that the noble work of social and political  
reform may go on towards completion undisturbed  
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to bring despair on any philanthropic heart.

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pointed a committee to inquire into the causes  
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it were better to withhold any final judgment  
in regard to the conduct of those concerned in the  
revolt. It may be that the insurrection had its  
source in ignorance and folly rather than in  
malice and crime. Judging of it, however, by  
the lights now on our mind, we cannot but re-  
gard it as one of the most appalling events re-  
corded in history.

The Soldiers Return.

A few days since we happened to be in a  
neighboring town, where we saw several regiments  
in military dress. We also observed a great  
many persons in tattered garments, and having  
generally a very filthy personal appearance,  
walking along the streets. The next day,  
several of these persons were seen lying in the  
streets with their faces exposed to the burning  
sun, in a state of the most heinous intoxication.

We were learned belonged to a regiment of  
American soldiers which had just returned from  
Mexico. This same regiment we had seen, not  
long since, in a few days before, on its way to  
the seat of war. Then the banners were gaily  
fluttering in the breeze, the stirring sounds of  
the drum and fife, thrilled every bosom, orators  
were setting forth the charms of glory.

"And all went merry as a marriage bell."  
What a change had come over all this! Every-  
thing now wore a mournful and distressed ap-  
pearance. No triumphant banner waved over  
the soldiers heads; no martial fife gleamed from  
their eyes; none of the glow of health was seen  
on their sunken features; the drum and fife had  
lost their inspiring tones, and seemed to utter  
only sounds of woe.

A few months had worked out the wretched-  
ness of years. Not a few of those whose heads  
had been "burning with high hope," were now  
moaning and low. Sorrow had taken up  
her abode by many a desolate fireside. In  
many a breast the avenues for the entrance of  
joy were shut up forever.

But when we think of the moral degradation  
that has come over many a soul, how much more  
melancholy a scene presents itself. The seeds  
of vice have germinated in many a heart, and  
will continue to grow, and produce the most ter-  
rific fruits. These are the trophies of war! The  
ravages of pestilence and famine are dreadful;  
but when we look upon what war does, we  
must exclaim:

"Man is the most cruel of all creatures!"  
The "light on Goliath's plume" is false indeed,  
for it is the light of burning cities reflected from  
seas of blood.

There is no  
Passing along the street one day, and talking  
about the prospect, and the real difficulty there  
was in slave States, either for the laborer to use,  
and the director of labor to make great progress,  
the question was asked, "What is the cause?"  
and a mechanic friend, pointing to two slaves  
doing certain work, replied, "there it is." He  
felt it. Not only was the work poorly done, but  
worse yet, it prevented white laborers from doing  
it, and from improving their condition, as it  
should be improved. Capitalist who suffer?  
Citizens who just? You—you, and yours? Your  
capital would be larger—your industry more pro-  
fitable—your progress, socially, morally, economi-  
cally, surer—more all around you free. There  
it is!

Important Decision.

The supreme court of Pennsylvania recently  
decided upon the constitutionality of the laws en-  
joining the observance of Sunday as a day of rest  
from labor. The facts of the case are, briefly,  
that a man named Specht, a farmer and a Seventh  
Day Baptist, residing in Franklin county, was  
indicted for passing his ordinary avocations  
on Sunday—such as hauling out manure, &c.—and  
fined by the court. He appealed to the  
supreme court, mainly, it would seem, to test,  
for himself, the constitutionality of the law un-  
der which he was fined. The opinion of the  
court was delivered by Judge Bell, and is conclu-  
sive in favor of the constitutionality of the law.

Meeting of Bishops.

The venerable Bishop Doane, long a faithful  
laborer in, and an ornament of the Methodist Epis-  
copal church, and now, under the patronage of  
separation, a bishop of the Southern section of that  
denomination, has, by the advice of the commis-  
sioners and others representing the Southern  
church at the late general conference of the  
Episcopal church, convened a meeting of the bishops,  
commissioners, and others appointed by the  
South, at Louisville, Ky., on the 6th of Septem-  
ber, for consultation upon the proceedings of the  
Northern general conference.

National Monument.

The ceremony in laying the corner stone of  
the Washington National Monument on the  
4th of July, in Washington, were grand and  
imposing. A vast concourse attended from the  
surrounding States, and not a few from those  
more remote. The military as well as the civil  
procession exceeded anything before seen in the  
Capital. The oration by the Hon. R. C. Win-  
throp is spoken of by all as one of rare elo-  
quence and ability.

Decline of Power in Slave States.

The table to be told by the statistics of 1850,  
will show a large decline of power in the slave  
States.

The number of Representatives in the House  
of Representatives must be greatly diminished,  
and in every way the South will be weakened.

Do you doubt this, reader? If so, read and  
ponder over the facts contained in the following  
letter from J. M. McKim.

Freeman Hunt, Esq.—My Dear Sir:—In a  
conversation with you a few days since, we were  
speaking of some facts in the history of our coun-  
try, which bore on the subject of slavery, and to  
which I alluded in the course of the conversation.  
I now show that the cause of freedom has been thus  
essentially increasing in strength, and is likely to  
gain more and more strength hereafter. Permit  
me to state these facts more in detail, and with  
more exactness.

And first, in respect to the population of the  
United States, as distinguished by the existence  
of slavery, and by its prohibition. The whole popu-  
lation of the United States in 1790 was 3,929,217,  
of whom 1,200,000 were slaves. In 1800 it was  
5,308,000, and in 1810 it was 7,265,000. In 1820  
it was 9,193,000, and in 1830 it was 12,866,000.  
In 1840 it was 18,000,000, and in 1850 it was  
23,800,000. The natural increase in the free  
States has been greater than in the slave States;  
and besides, fourth-fifths of the emigrants from  
foreign countries, go into the free States. The  
two causes of a greater increase of the popu-  
lation of the free States are likely to continue here-  
after. And it is not improbable that before many  
years have elapsed, some of the slave States will  
be reduced to a few thousands. In 1840, the  
slave population was reduced from 1,200,000 in  
1790, to 2,600,000, and in Maryland from 100,000  
in 1790, to 80,000 in 1840. It should be borne in mind that during  
the first 18 years to 1808, the importation of  
slaves was allowed, and was used to sustain  
the population of the slave-holding portion of the  
country.

The white population of the United States in  
1790 was 3,729,217, of whom 1,200,000 were  
slaves. In 1800 it was 5,108,000, and in 1810  
it was 7,065,000. In 1820 it was 8,993,000,  
and in 1830 it was 12,666,000. In 1840 it was  
17,800,000, and in 1850 it was 23,600,000.  
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The Unknown Way.  
BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A burning sky is o'er us,  
The sands beneath us glow;  
A windward, onward wearily,  
In the sultry moon I go.

From the dusty path there opens,  
Eastward, an unknown way;  
Above its windings, pleasantly,  
The woodland branches play.

A silvery brook comes stealing  
From the shadow of its trees,  
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop  
Before the entering breeze.

Along those pleasant windings  
I would my journey try;  
Where the shade is cool, and the dew of  
night is not yet dried away.

Path of the flowery woodland;  
Oh, whither dost thou lead,  
Wandering by grassy orchard grounds  
Or by the open mead?

Goest thou by nestling cottages?  
Goest thou by stately halls,  
Where the broad elm droops, a leafy dome,  
And woodbine flouts the wall?

By steps where children gather  
Flowers of the wet fresh year;  
By lonely ways where lovers stray  
Till the tender star appears?

Or happily dost thou linger  
On barren plains and bare;  
Or slumber the bold mountain side,  
Like the thimble air?

Where they who journey upward  
Walk in a weary track,  
And oft upon the shady vale  
With longing eyes look back?

I hear a solemn murmur,  
And, listening to the sound,  
I know the voice of the mighty sea,  
Breathing the pebbly bound.

Dost thou, oh path of the woodland!  
End where these waters roar,  
Like human life on a trackless beach,  
With a boundless sea before?

From Lamartine's History of the Girondins.

Trials and Execution of Charlotte Corday.

When she was seated on the bench of the prisoners, she was asked if she had a defender. She replied that a friend had undertaken this office, but not seeing him, she supposed his courage had failed him. The president then assigned her the young Chauveau Lagarde, afterward illustrious by his defense of the Queen, and already famous for his eloquence and courage in causes and times when the advocate shared the peril of his client. Chauveau Lagarde placed himself at the bar. Charlotte gazed on him, as though she feared lest, to save her life, her defender would abandon some part of honor.

The widow of Marat wept while giving her evidence. Charlotte, moved by her grief, exclaimed—

"Yes, yes—'twas I that killed him."

She then related the premeditation of the act for three months; her project of stabbing him in the Convention; and the rise she had employed to obtain access to him. "I confess," said she, with humility, "that this means was unworthy of me; but it was necessary to appear to esteem this man, in order to obtain access to him."

"Who inspired you with this hatred of Marat?" she was asked.

"I did not need the hatred of any one else," she replied. "My own was sufficient; besides, you always execute badly that which you have not devised yourself."

"What did you hate in him?"

"His crimes."

"What did you hope to effect by killing him?"

"Restore peace to my country."

"Do you, then, think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"Since he is dead, perhaps the others will tremble."

The knife was shown her, that she might recognize it. She pushed it from her with a gesture of disgust.

"Yes," replied she; "I recognise it."

"What persons did you visit at Caen?"

"Very few; I saw Larue, a municipal officer, and the Cure of Saint Jean."

"Did you confess to a conforming or non-conforming priest?"

"Neither one nor the other."

"Since when had you formed this design?"

"Since the 31st of May, when the deputies of the people were arrested. I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the Revolution."

Faucher was confronted with her.

"I only know Faucher by sight," said she, disdainfully. "I look on him as a man devoid of principles; and I despise him."

The accuser reproached her with having dealt the fatal stroke downward, in order to render it more certain, and observed that she must doubtless have been well exercised in crime. At this suggestion, which destroyed all her ideas, by assimilating her to professed murderers, she uttered a cry of horror.

"Oh, the monster!" exclaimed she, "he takes me for an assassin!"

Fouquier Tinville summed up, and demanded that sentence of death should be passed.

Her defender rose. "The accused," said he, "confesses her crime, she avows its long premeditation, and gives the most overwhelming details. Citizens, this is her whole defence. This importunate calm and entire forgetfulness of self, which reveals no remorse in presence of death—this calm, and this forgetfulness, sublime in one point of view, is not natural; they can only be explained by the excitement of political fanaticism, which placed the poignant in her hand. It is for you to decide what weight so stern a fanaticism should have in the balance of justice. I leave all to your consciences."

The jury unanimously sentenced her to die. She heard their verdict unmoved; and the president having asked her if she had anything to say relative to the punishment inflicted on her, she made no reply; but turning to her defender, Monsieur, said she, "you have defended me as I wished to be defended; I thank you; I owe you a proof of my gratitude and esteem, and I offer you one worthy of you. These gentlemen (pointing to the judges) have just declared my property confiscated; I owe something in the prison, and I begueth to you the payment of this debt."

During her examination, she perceived a painter engaged in taking her likeness; without interrupting the examination, she smilingly turned towards the artist, in order that he might the better see her features. She thought of immortality, and already as for her portrait to immortality.

Behind the painter stood a young man, whose fair hair, blue eyes and pale complexion marked him for a native of the North. His eyes were riveted on the prisoner, and at each reply he shuddered and changed color. He seemed to drink in her words, and to associate himself, by gesture, attitude and enthusiasm, with the sentiments she expressed. Unable, frequently, to repress his emotion, he drew himself, by involuntary exclamations, the attention of the audience and of Charlotte Corday. At the moment

when the President passed sentence of death, the young man rose from his seat, with the gesture of a man who protests from the bottom of his heart, and then sunk back, as though his strength had failed him. Charlotte, insensible to her own fate, perceived this movement, and comprehended that, at the moment when all on earth abandoned her, a kindred spirit attached itself to hers, and that, amidst this hostile or indifferent throng, she possessed an unknown friend, and thanked him with a look.

This young stranger was Adam Lux, a German republican, sent to Paris by the revolutionists of Mayence, to concert the movements of Germany with those of France, in the common cause of human reason and the liberty of the people. His eyes followed Charlotte until she disappeared amidst the *gens d'armes* beneath the arch of the stairs. His thoughts never quitted her.

On her return to the Conciergerie, which was so soon to yield her up to the scaffold, Charlotte Corday smiled on her companions in prison, who had ranged themselves in the corridors and courts to see her pass. She said to the concierge:

"I had hoped that we should breakfast once more together, but the judges detained me so long that you must forgive me for having broken my word."

The executioner arrived; she requested him to allow her time to finish a letter, which was neither the outpouring of weakness nor regret, but the last act of wounded friendship—addressing an eternal reproach to the cowardly spirit which had abandoned her.

It was addressed to Doulcet de Pontecoulant, whom she had seen at her aunt's, and on whom she believed she had called in vain to be her defender. The letter was as follows:

"Doulcet de Pontecoulant is a coward to have refused to defend me when it was so easy. He who undertook it performed his task with all possible dignity, and I shall retain a grateful recollection of him to my last moments."

Her indignation was unjust; the young Pontecoulant, who was absent from Paris, had not received her letter; his generosity and courage were a sufficient guaranty that he would have accepted the office; and Charlotte bore an error and an injustice to the scaffold.

The artist who had sketched Charlotte's likeness at the tribunal, was M. Huer, a painter and officer of the National Guard, of the section of the Theatre Francaise. On her return to the prison, she requested the concierge to allow him to finish his work, and, on his arrival, Charlotte thanked him for the interest he appeared to take in her, and quite as to him, as though, while she permitted him to transmit her form and features to posterity, she also charged him to hand down her mind and her patriotism to unborn generations. She conversed with M. Huer on his profession, the events of the day, and the peace of mind she felt after the execution of her design; she also spoke of her young friends at Caen, and requested him to paint a miniature from the portrait, and send it to her family.

Suddenly, a gentle knock was heard at the door, and the executioner entered. Charlotte, turning round, perceived the scissoring and red chemise he carried over his arm.

"What! already," exclaimed she, turning pale.

Then, recovering her composure, and glancing at the unfinished portrait, "Monsieur," said she to the artist, "I know not how to thank you for the trouble you have taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and my gratitude."

As she spoke, she took the scissors from the executioner, and, severing a lock of her long fair hair, gave it to M. Huer.

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A priest, sent by the public accuser, presented himself to offer the last consolations of religion. "Thank," said she to him, "those who have had the attention to send you, but I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own, which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal." The executioner then cut off her hair, bound her hands, and put on the chemise des condamnées. "This," said she, "is the toilette of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality."

She collected her long hair, looked at it for the last time, and gave it to Madame Richard. As she mounted the fatal cart, a violent storm broke over Paris, but the lightning and rain did not disperse the crowd, who blocked up the squares, the bridges and the streets which she passed. Hordes of women, or rather furies, followed her, with the fiercest imprecations; but insensible to these insults, she gazed on the populace with eyes beaming with serenity and compassion.

The sky cleared up, and the rain, which wetted her to the skin, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, like those of a woman leaving the bath. Her hands, bound behind her back, obliged her to hold up her head, and this forced rigidity of the muscles gave more fixity to her attitude, and set off the outlines of her figure. The rays of the sun fell on her head; and her complexion, heightened by the red chemise, seemed of an unearthly brilliancy. Robespierre, Danton and Camille Desmoulins, had placed themselves on her passage, to gaze on her; for all those who anticipated assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten them to-morrow. She resembled celestial vengeance appeased and transfused, and from time to time she seemed to seek a glance of intelligence on the face of her executioner. Adam Lux awaited the cart at the entrance of the Rue St. Honoré, and followed it to the foot of the scaffold. He engraved in his heart, to quote his own words, "this unforgettable sweetness amid the barbarous cries of the crowd, that look so gentle, yet penetrating—those vivid flashes that broke forth like burning ideas from those bright eyes, in which spoke a soul as intrepid as tender. Charming eyes, which should have melted a stone."

Thus an enthusiastic and unceasingly attachment accompanied her, without her knowledge, to the very scaffold, and prepared to follow her, in hope of an eternal reunion.

The cart stopped, and Charlotte, at the sight of the fatal instrument, turned pale; but, soon recovering herself, ascended the scaffold with no light and rapid a step as the long chemise and her pinioned arms permitted.

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Social Intercourse.

BY MISS CHILDE.

There is a false necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose inner never changes to ductile gold. This is the presence of public opinion, the intolerable restraint of conventional forms. Under this despotism influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their highest thoughts. Each long for the full communion with other souls, but dare not give utterance to their yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Clark will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathema of some synod; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wiser for both to snap the imaginary bond and walk onward unshackled. If thy heart yearns for love, be loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, be free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, be frank with him.

But what will people say?

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What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We meet to see each other, and not a peep do we get under the thick, stifling veil which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves, and our host takes away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to work or ride, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the guests; if the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the host; so they remain slaves, and feel it relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange the execution of their design; she also spoke of her young friends at Caen, and requested him to paint a miniature from the portrait, and send it to her family.

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What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We meet to see each other, and not a peep do we get under the thick, stifling veil which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves, and our host takes away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to work or ride, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the guests; if the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the host; so they remain slaves, and feel it relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange the execution of their design; she also spoke of her young friends at Caen, and requested him to paint a miniature from the portrait, and send it to her family.

Suddenly, a gentle knock was heard at the door, and the executioner entered.

Charlotte, turning round, perceived the scissoring and red chemise he carried over his arm.

"What! already," exclaimed she, turning pale.

Then, recovering her composure, and glancing at the unfinished portrait, "Monsieur," said she to the artist, "I know not how to thank you for the trouble you have taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and my gratitude."

As she spoke, she took the scissors from the executioner, and, severing a lock of her long fair hair, gave it to M. Huer.

This portrait, interrupted by death, is still in the possession of the family of M. Huer. The head only was painted, and the bust merely sketched. But the painter, who watched the preparations for the scaffold, was so struck with the sinister splendor added by the red chemise to the beauty of his model, that, after Charlotte's death, he painted her in this costume.

A priest, sent by the public accuser, presented himself to offer the last consolations of religion. "Thank," said she to him, "those who have had the attention to send you, but I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own, which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal." The executioner then cut off her hair, bound her hands, and put on the chemise des condamnées. "This," said she, "is the toilette of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality."

She collected her long hair, looked at it for the last time, and gave it to Madame Richard. As she mounted the fatal cart, a violent storm broke over Paris, but the lightning and rain did not disperse the crowd, who blocked up the squares, the bridges and the streets which she passed. Hordes of women, or rather furies, followed her, with the fiercest imprecations; but insensible to these insults, she gazed on the populace with eyes beaming with serenity and compassion.

The sky cleared up, and the rain, which wetted her to the skin, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, like those of a woman leaving the bath. Her hands, bound behind her back, obliged her to hold up her head, and this forced rigidity of the muscles gave more fixity to her attitude, and set off the outlines of her figure. The rays of the sun fell on her head; and her complexion, heightened by the red chemise, seemed of an unearthly brilliancy. Robespierre, Danton and Camille Desmoulins, had placed themselves on her passage, to gaze on her; for all those who anticipated assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten them to-morrow. She resembled celestial vengeance appeased and transfused, and from time to time she seemed to seek a glance of intelligence on the face of her executioner. Adam Lux awaited the cart at the entrance of the Rue St. Honoré, and followed it to the foot of the scaffold. He engraved in his heart, to quote his own words, "this unforgettable sweetness amid the barbarous cries of the crowd, that look so gentle, yet penetrating—those vivid flashes that broke forth like burning ideas from those bright eyes, in which spoke a soul as intrepid as tender. Charming eyes, which should have melted a stone."

Thus an enthusiastic and unceasingly attachment accompanied her, without her knowledge, to the very scaffold, and prepared to follow her, in hope of an eternal reunion.

The cart stopped, and Charlotte, at the sight of the fatal instrument, turned pale; but, soon recovering herself, ascended the scaffold with no light and rapid a step as the long chemise and her pinioned arms permitted.

When the executioner, to bare her neck, removed the handkerchief that covered her bosom, this insult to her modesty moved her more than the impending death; then, turning to the guillotine, she

placed herself under the axe. The heavy blade fell, and her head rolled on the scaffold. One of the assistants, named Legros, took it in his hand and struck it on the cheek. It is said that a deep crimson suffusion overspread the face, as though dignity and modesty had for an instant lasted longer than life.

Social Intercourse.

BY MISS CHILDE.

There is a false necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose inner never changes to ductile gold. This is the presence of public opinion, the intolerable restraint of conventional forms. Under this despotism influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their highest thoughts. Each long for the full communion with other souls, but dare not give utterance to their yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Clark will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathema of some synod; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wiser for both to snap the imaginary bond and walk onward unshackled. If thy heart yearns for love, be loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, be free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, be frank with him.

But what will people say?

What does it concern thee what they say?—thy life is not in their hands. They can give thee nothing of real value nor take from thee anything that is worth having. Satan may promise thee all the kingdoms of the earth, but he has not one acre of it to give. He may offer thee as the price of his worship, but there is a flaw in all his titles. Eternal and sure is the promise: Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.